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unendurable. Both placed the art of the ancients far above their own; as Goethe set Shakspeare heaven-high above himself, while he suffered no one among the living to dispute rank with him. This it is, which separated Schiller and Goethe for so many years from another, and gave to their correspondence that infrequent interchange which they, who must apply a name, call coldness. Each one recognized the greatness of the other, neither descended from his own height. Yet not for a moment should one accept as the measure of their disposition toward each other, the strife of their dependants, and the hate with which the latter pursued each other. Parties always hate, as whole peoples do, while their lords and masters with calm consideration defend their several standpoints. Then, men like Raphael and Michael Angelo stand opposite each other—there is no need of the transmission of particular incidents and expressions. Both were esteemed, their art was discussed, people represented to themselves what Rome once was,—the center of the political world and of the beautiful arts; they named Popes, such as Jullus and Leo, and their reciprocal relations naturally rose to mind; a poetic plot was constructed, as the scenes of a drama arrange themselves in the imagination, so soon as the personages, grand in type and free from the pettiness of a narrow relationship, meet in full strength. The enmity of ordinary art, the fruit of misunderstanding arising from intellectual narrowness, or because the eyes are intentionally covered with the hands, and, over and above this, because there is a feeling of weakness on both sides, could find no room between them. Michael Angelo may have said, Raphael possesses nothing through his genius, all through labor. Did he thereby seek to lower the latter, Michael Angelo, who well knew what significance the word labor had! According to my feeling this expression is an award of so great praise, that I know not how he would have more aptly put it, in order to say plainly, that he understood, admired and honored his youthful fellow-worker.

THE THREE AGES.

Childhood is immersed in nature; it is conscious of no lack of harmony, of no disseverance between itself and the object of its consciousness. It lies therefore in the eternal unity. All its action is spontaneous and free. The smile of God, yet hovers on its lips.

In the life of our race there may, perhaps, have been an epoch, of which history gives no account, corresponding to this stage of individual life. At least in the early condition of those races of which we have record, this primeval spontaneity, this oneness of thought and action, frequently appears. It is for this reason that Homer pleases still. In the fresh, gushing life of his heroes, we for the moment live over again our happy, unthinking childhood. A divine joy wakes up again in the heart.

The passage from childhood to youth is an apparent fall. We seem to have departed from ourselves. The light of God withdraws from our soul and becomes known to us as a distant heaven. We recognize now the night—we know good and evil. We behold for the first time before us the world, that is, something apart from and out of us. With a cry of pain, as of a child torn from its mother's breast, we begin to ponder, to question, to put to ourselves the Where and the What, the Whence and the Whither. Alas! confusion has entered. Disseverance is revealed. There

springs up in the thought, heaven and earth, God and man, body and soul; and between these opposites there seems to arise eternal war. There is no longer innocence; passion and crime reign. The glory departs from the earth; we adore the past, feigning to ourselves that then the Gods came down and dwelt with man. Such is the youth of the individual and of the race.

But this transition, which in after life, takes the appearance of a fall is really an advance. This is true as well with the individual as with race. Each soul is passing on without halt or retreat to infinite perfections. The planets do not pause or turn in their course, though to the eye of sense, they describe vagrant curves through the skies. But even in appearance, youth has its gain. Childhood is innocent, but it is the innocence of ignorance; it dwells in the unity of the Godhead, but knows not its glorious privilege. Youth departs from this unity, but only because it begins to recognize the Divine in its own consciousness, though by the very act of such recognition, it throws it out, as it were, from itself, and beholds it in the external. Hence that season of life is as a new birth. Then for the first time does the genius of the universe descend upon the boy, as a Pentecostan flame. It thrills him, fires him. Then first the heavens open for him, and he beholds the glory of God. The splendor of sun and star, the vigor and freshness of the morning, the sadness of eve, the gloom of the forest, the poetry of the falling leaf, the peaceful sunshine of the hillside, all flow from his soul and appear to him. Who does not remember the advent of this glorious time, when, walking forth into the fields, in early summer, nature seemed to sparkle, live and assail him from all sides with beauty and magnificence. When meadow, grove and stream, the earth and every common sight to him did seem

"Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream."

But this peculiar recognition of beauty is a departure from the primitive unity, it is accompanied with a sense of disseverance from the object of its adoration. Youth affects the sunset, and from one point of view is itself surrounded with the glories of the setting rather than the rising sun; it sees the glory fade along the hill-tops, as it descends into the valley of life. Thereafter its allotted period is truly a night—a night of passion and crime, of fear and remorse, of thought and science, of aspiration and tearful communing with the stars.

This second age of mankind may, like the youth of the individual, be divided into three epochs, the two latter of which are very distinctly marked by the finger of history.

The first epoch may be called the Enthusiastic—(God-within.) Then the pure, undivided and unseen light of childhood still lingers around the boy, for "trailing clouds of glory do we come from God, who is our home." The light yet remains almost whole and intact. The world is hardly yet seen apart from its consciousness. The vision and the thought of the vision yet mingle. The earth is not a dull mass; the warm child-life rups through in every direction, and makes it palpitate and glow. It is an epoch of incommunicable joy.

The second epoch may be called the Romantic. The pure light, transmitted through the reflective mind, divides itself and is scattered over the earth, in multitudinous rainbow hues. The world is no longer seen as a whole, but in parts. Self is not fused with nature, but mingles with it. This is

the age of eagerness, ambition, strife and pursuit, of knight-errantry, of kings and pageantry, of legends and haunted halls, of young love and minstrelsy. A gay and gallant time. Then the lovely and the excellent are seen afar off; they are pursued in the distance, over the hills. Adoration is not now silent and incommunicable; it is attended with gorgeous rite and ceremony. Everywhere is show. Lords and ladies in pomp and circumstance, mimic the gay procession of nature, and would fair assume her gorgeous dyes. How the heart of an after age warms as it renews to itself the varied emotions of that mottled time! How the imagination yet lingers with a melancholy pleasure by those "shores of old romaunce!" But all was not the gay abandonment of pleasure. For with the departure from the primitive unity and the entrance upon the multitudinous world, came necessarily the consciousness of disseverance, of opposition. Amid all the adventure and the pursuit, there is something that flees the grasp—it ever haunts the distant mountain-tops. A mood of thought is induced. The original harmony shall be attained. The question is put, What is Truth, but not sorrowfully yet—the faith of youth is strong. With the same eagerness it sets out upon this new quest as upon some knightly-adventure. The golden fleece is in the heaven of imagination and thought. Soon gods and myths, religions and philosophies, are evolved, that take the heaven and the earth and the soul in their compass and unite them in a wonderful and weird manner. Of such varied hue is the second epoch of youth.

The third may be called the industrial. It is marked by a still nearer approach to the finite. The novelty of earth's grandeurs have faded. The pursuit of the good and the beautiful in the far-off has proved unavailing—they ever flee the touch. The weary wanderer returns to his home, the illusion is vanished. But the question, What is Truth, presses upon him still more heavily with its weight of mystery. Disappointed in the far-off pursuit, he begins now with the near-by. He calmly puts in order the facts interior and exterior that come to his knowledge, and commences to perceive that what he sought so eagerly in the distance lies around him amid the charities of home—that the infinite beauty resides as well in the minute as in the grand, that the heavens are first of all spiritual states. He now fosters the hope that by submitting—submitting to nature and the soul and following in their ways, he may some day be freed from "the weary weight of all this unintelligible world." He has thus learned the final lesson of youth—submission. The eagerness, the fret, and the conceit subdued, he is prepared by the discipline of nature for

"That serene and blessed mood, when
We are laid asleep

In body, and become a living soul,
While with an eye made quiet with the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the heart of things."

Mankind is still, it is evident in the period of youth. There is still in its consciousness the sense of disseverance, still the recognition of the world as something apart from and out of the Self, still the vain looking back to the past; the opposites of heaven and earth, God and man, soul and body, are still to it absolute realities.

To youth itself, as we have seen, at least in its earlier phases, its own state necessarily appears as that of a fall from some superior condition. But is youth a fall? Has mankind in reality retrograded? Such is the seeming. From the

Innocence and purity of the child to the turbulence and passion of youth a great descent appears. But what is this turbulence but an evidence of new growth? It is the breaking up of the past by the underworking of a law of life leading to a higher formation. As great convulsions occur in nature, antecedent to a more beautiful order, so in human history do revolutions break out preparatory to a higher social harmony. The whole age of youth is such a period of transition. It is marked, therefore, by tumults, wars, emigrations, and changes of all sorts. The whole elemental world seems to boil and simmer, to mingle and re-mingle. Men's hearts fail them, and they look back to the golden past they imagine. But the wise spirit holds its course, and keeps its own counsel. Presently order and peace and beauty arise from the apparent chaos, "a new earth and a new heaven."

Mankind, we say, is still in its youth. But what are the signs of the times? That men are at last able to march with faces turned forward instead of backward, that the idea of progress is abroad, the consciousness of development awakened, that the gods of the past are vanishing in the cloud of myths—is not all this a good sign? Does not this warn us that the night is passing, that the new day is dawning, its light already upon the mountain-tops.

What then becomes of that eager questioning—that "What is Truth?" of this period. It is simply outlived. We attain a higher stand-point and see that the question itself was based upon a misconception and thus admitted of no answer. When it was supposed that the sun moved around the earth, the motions of the heavenly bodies presented to the observer a scene of vast confusion. Many were the theories propounded for their reconciliation—astronomical plans of salvation. It seemed impossible to extricate harmony from the apparent disorder. But bye and bye it is discovered that the point of observation is misplaced, that it should be transferred from the earth to the sun. Straightway order appears. So in the moral heaven, this questioning of youth is put forth from a false plane of view. The great central sun of Life is made, as it were, to revolve around the things of space and time, which alone are imaged as fixed and stable. Vast is the confusion. God and man, the infinite and the world, predestination and free will, describe eccentric circles, which all the doctors with their salvation-plans are unable to harmonize. But instead of looking from the earth, let us take our position, as it were, in the sun. Lo! does not order spring out of chaos—order sweet, loving and beautiful? Does not the sun of Life dissipate the empty contradictions of the questioning intellect? We see with the eye of sense only, that is, we regard forms—appearances—as absolute realities, as having being in and for themselves. To us the sun yet moves around the earth. But the infinite Life is the only reality,—Life, the holy of holies, whose veil may not be lifted, before the splendor of which every, the most angelic thought, shades itself with its wings.

Making, then, this Life, this Holy Spirit, the stand-point, seeing with it as with the true eye, there reside no longer in the imagination God as an object of thought and man as his subject, a predestinating power as opposed to a conscious free will, the inexorable necessity of things and the soul striving in vain contention; there is no longer a disavowance of self and the world. There is the One Identity. The primitive unity revives; not, however, the unconscious unity of

childhood, but the serenely conscious unity—the eternal Now of Manhood.

H. H.

(From the French of Leon Escudier.)

THE ABBE LISZT AND HIS MASS.

An immense crowd, composed of the *elite* of Paris, pressed last Thursday into the magnificent Church of St. Eustache, to hear the Mass written by the Abbé Liszt. Did these people go only to listen to the work of the illustrious pianist, now a priest of Christ, or did they go to aid that admirable institution—the school treasury—to which the municipality of the Eleventh *Arrondissement* had given so great an impulse? The two motives had equally attracted them. Benevolence and curiosity united their charms. The result of the sale of tickets amounted, we are informed, to the considerable sum of 50,000 francs.

So much for benevolence.

As for curiosity, that can very easily be explained. The celebrated virtuoso has always been eager for popularity. An incomparable pianist, he filled for many years the world with his name. He was happy to give his name as an artist to the trumpets of fame, and, as it seemed to his impatience, that fame did not come as quickly as he desired—although it is winged—he undertook a long and brilliant odyssey through all the great capitals. We still remember the applause that followed his footsteps; the numerous pianos that he destroyed; the ardent, impetuous, fantastic, vertiginous passion with which he attacked the key-board; and the feverish vigor that he put in his execution. The keys groaned under his iron fingers, like the agonized sufferer undergoing torture. Flowers were thrown upon his path, ovations were offered him, he was borne in triumph, he was overwhelmed with glory and flattery, and the public even decreed him a sword of honor, in order to refute the proverb which asserts that no one is a prophet in his own country. The fiery pianist filled the whole world with his personality. But the world wearied of always adoring the same idol, like the Athenians, who wearied of hearing Aristides the Just ceaselessly exalted. It was necessary to arouse these slumberers from their lethargy. The composer then came to the aid of the pianist. The illustrious Hungarian wrote pages for the piano, but they were pages which he alone could interpret, so many and so great were the difficulties. Like the bow of Ulysses, which no one else could bend, there was only Liszt to perform the works of Liszt. Nevertheless they had great success, and this time fame bore upon her wings the name of the composer-pianist.

Then came again the same lethargy and the same ingratitude. One wearies so soon of celebrities. What should be done? What new blow of the whip or the spur should be given to the forgetful public? Years passed away cold and indifferent, and the name of Liszt only recalled past triumphs. But for the present. *Nothing*. It was impossible to be satisfied with a simple *souvenir*.

A man appeared who styled himself the "Musician of the Future," and who, by the boldness, originality, or rather by the strangeness of his musical compositions, by the intentional or fatally inevitable absence of all melody, and at the same time by a singular and often striking renovation of the harmony, struck powerfully the artistic world. He created a little circle around him, who only swore by the innovator. Germany,

above all, enthroned him as a new musical Messiah.

This man was Richard Wagner.

Liszt wished to make himself the forerunner, the Baptist of this Messiah. He associated his name, in some degree, with that of Wagner, and thought that thus he could re-appear before the world surrounded by a new glory. But the rays of this borrowed aureola only shone under the foggy sky of Germany. It paled, it was eclipsed in the serenity of our firmament, and still more in the splendor of an Italian sky. The people of the Latin races, among whom melody is the greatest attraction, accommodated themselves but moderately to the music of the future, and received it sometimes coldly, and again in the severest style. Nevertheless they were just to him, they made honorable exceptions for several harmonic pages in which the audacious innovator deigned to traffic with the music of the present and with that of the past. However, the name of Richard Wagner did not appear sufficiently powerful to Liszt to continue the association. He resolved to renounce this association made only for safety, and seek something else.

Wearied with this struggle with worldly cares Liszt turned to religion. He became a priest without breaking entirely with terrestrial pomps. Eager for fame he was not content hearing his name no longer from every mouth. A brilliant idea crossed his brain. He had about ten years before composed a Mass, which was executed at Groen, at the inauguration of the metropolitan *Basilique* of Hungary. This Mass had been published at the expense of the Emperor of Austria, in a style more worthy of the august Mæcenæ than of the work itself. Liszt now thought of reviving this composition. The religious work of an artist who had entered holy orders and of whom a vivid *souvenir* had remained in the great philharmonic family, could not fail to be received—first, with curiosity and then with enthusiasm. So much for the curiosity which had drawn the *elite* of Paris, last Thursday, to the Church of St. Eustache.

Now as to the enthusiasm. But alas! the enthusiasm was entirely wanting. And it could not have been otherwise. Some have called it deception; but that word is not correct. Deception implies a mistaken hope; upon what ground was the hope founded that Liszt's Mass would prove a *chef-d'œuvre*? Liszt is only a great pianist—posterity will certainly never place him in the list of composers. His name will remain only that of an eminent virtuoso. The immense talent of Liszt is rather in his fingers than in his head. A great mind, nevertheless, of an amiable, supple, and speculative nature; a writer of merit, as his beautiful study upon Chopin proves, Liszt has not the sentiment of melody, that which speaks to the heart.

Now there are people who believe that sacred music can dispense with this sentiment, but they are mistaken. A Mass, for instance, is a sublime musical epic poem, in which the dramatic element must form a part. The whole scale of sentiments is therein unrolled. There is in it the prayer, the hymn of triumph, faith, complaint, repentance, hope. The Kyrie, the Gloria, the Credo, the Sanctus, the Agnus are all hymns or religious odes, which are admirably wedded with melody. What has Liszt's Mass given us? After the Kyrie, where the opening melodic phrase, sustained artistically by the stringed instruments, is sweet, caressing, and is stamped with a nobly religious character—after a few fragments of the